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TRAVELS

OF

MY NIGHTCAP,

OR

Reveries in Rhyme;

WITH

SCENES AT THE CONGRESS OF VERONA.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "MY NOTE-BOOK; OR, SKETCHES FROM THE GALLERY OF ST. STEPHEN'S."

———Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?

HORAT.

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DEDICATION.

TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL.

My dear Devil,

Of all my *literary* friends, you are the only one to whom I am *literally* under an obligation. Some of them I have found selfish and sordid, others illiberal and narrow-minded, and many deceitful and envious. All these qualities I may one day or other *show up*, as they

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deserve; but the day will never come when I shall cease to admire such qualities as you possess. You have been the prompt Mercury between my brain and the press of Minerva (not the Minerva Press)—you have been, in fact, (to speak in the language of 'Change-alley) the broker by whom my *stock* has been *transferred;* and though of late the Parnassian *Share Market* has been very *heavy*, yet I have every reason to hope that "The Travels of My Night-Cap" will *come out* at a *premium*.

Accept, then, my dear Devil—not this volume, which is intended for an important personage

called "The Public;" but this dedication, which is intended exclusively for *you*, as a tribute to your merits, and a testimonial of the high value which is set upon such preliminary testimonials by

Your grateful friend,

THE AUTHOR.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A PREFACE requires more explanations than most authors choose to give; let an advertisement suffice in this instance.—"Poetry, like painting," says Horace—that simile is trite and commonplace—Poetry, like punch, says the author of the work now presented to the public, should be sweet, strong, and piquant, just according to the taste of those for whom it is intended. How far the author has succeeded in this commixture, let the reader from his own palate decide.

A travelled Night-Cap is no curiosity; but there are few Night-Caps that cover poetic heads; and volumes might be written in favour of the volume here offered to all candid and impartial critics, if modesty did not forbid the descant of praise. Quære, is this a puff?—Replication, Judge for yourself.

POETICAL PROLUSION.

THE wig imparts, as some suppose,
A solemn gravity to those
Who take the lead in church and state,
Enhancing e'en a blockhead's pate,
And making dulness pass for sense,
With air of specious consequence;
But what a shame that man should wear
A mass of goats' or horses' hair,
Incumbent on the very top
Of his own genial native crop,

Confounding, by th' association,

The human with the brute creation* !

Yet do we see both bench and bar

With nature's dictates still at war,

Quoad the cov'ring of the head,

By het'rogeneous fancy led.—

Our prelates too delight to shew

How grave the "face divine" can grow

Beneath a bob rotund and ample—

His Grace of York 's a right good sample † ;

---

* What Horace says in reference to certain monstrous incongruities of painting and poetry, might justly apply to this professional misadaptation, which is not more extravagant than grotesque, though reconciled to us by custom, and sanctioned by long usage.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, &c.

† There is perhaps no archiepiscopal, or episcopal wig in Europe of more vast dimensions than that which distinguishes the

But thus, while higher heads are found
Encumber'd with a horse-hair mound,
And seem ambitious to display
The load fantastic through the day,
Be mine on each succeeding night
To wrap my skull in texture light,
And hail its influential pow'r,
When watchmen cry the silent hour,
As o'er some verse in ardent mood
My wakeful fancy loves to brood.
Come, let me, then, apostrophize
The Nightcap I so highly prize;
That Cap which lends its friendly aid,
While rhyming on my couch I'm laid,

---

head of the Archbishop of York, nor is there any head more deserving of an archbishop's wig than that which sustains this formidable fabric.

And furnishes more verse and prose
Than, capless, I could e'er compose.
What figure fine, or splendid trope,
Shall fancy choose in fancy's scope?
What language worthy of a bard
Shall I employ? The task is hard:
Avaunt all bombast!—I'll proceed;
And, reader, if you like it, read.

APOSTROPHE

TO

MY NIGHTCAP.

Thou rarest offspring of the loom,
That in the hour of midnight gloom,
When silence is profound,
Dost lend a heat that can inspire,
And warm to all a poet's fire,
The head thou dost surround!
Fain would the Muse, on vent'rous wing,
To thee in grateful accents sing,
And still proclaim thy praise;

Fain would she to all nations shew
How far thy potent aid can go
To animate her lays.
Display'd in all thy snowy pride,
I first beheld thee in Cheapside,
Where fam'd Romanis dwells:
A hosier who, through all the town,
Has long been raised to arch renown,
By puffing all he sells.
A "splendid shilling" made thee mine;
Of colour fair, of texture fine,
That night we took our places;
Thou on my head, I in the mail,
Next day for Calais we set sail.—
The French neglect the Graces;

At least, at Calais they don't seem
Held in their former high esteem;
For in the street I met
A barber spruce, who stood aloft
With his chapeau, ye gods! undoff'd,
Addressing a *grisette* *.

A Diligence to Dunkirk drives,
The following day at Lille arrives,
And thence to Brussels goes;
Two Christian Dutchmen and a Jew,
Whose tongue at once loquacious grew,
Their seats together chose.

---

* The *politesse* of the French has for some years past abated a great deal of its ludicrous absurdity, though quite enough yet remains to provoke the laughter of the most phlegmatic Englishman.

A Flemish laceman and a wench,
Whose nameless orbit lov'd to trench
Beyond its proper sphere,
Usurp'd more room than right permitted:
I found myself most tightly fitted;
My neighbours were too near.
Then off we set with lumb'ring speed;
The Hebrew talk'd till none would heed
A single word he spoke;
While I prepared to take a nap,
The Laceman gazed on thee, My Cap,
And crack'd a Flemish joke.
His small grey eyes were rimm'd with red,
His face a mass of pimples fed,
He look'd both sharp and sour;

He spoke with spleen of British trade,
And all the money Britain made
By her commercial pow'r.
The *shop* came out;—the lusty lass
Declared that British lace would pass
For Mechlin round the globe;
Nor could the grandest dame desire
A lace which folks wou'd more admire
To cap, chemise, or robe.
One Dutchman gave his prompt assent;
His friend cried "no!" and seem'd intent
To plead as he demurr'd;
When as we hasten'd down a hill,
Pendente lite, chatt'ring still,
An accident occurr'd.

The rugged roads of Flanders shake
The stoutest coach that man can make ;
We felt a sudden crash :
The *Conducteur,* with rusty nails,
With pegs and ropes and splinter'd rails,
Soon marr'd the threaten'd smash *.
Again advancing on our way,
We enter'd Belgium by Tournay,
A large and straggling place :

---

* The *Conducteur* of a French or Flemish Diligence is a personage of no small consequence, as every man knows who has once placed himself under his official care. Nothing can exceed the quickness and dexterity with which he repairs all accidents that happen to his vehicle, and even with the rudest implements that chance may throw in his way. The same may be said of the postilion, whose mechanical genius is often put to the test in the course sometimes of a single stage.

Our breakfast here was cheap and good;
The Belgians like substantial food;
So said the landlord's face:
His gen'rous bumpers made it shine—
A wight he was that lov'd his wine,
And dearly loved to chat;
He cared not how, or when, or where
The subject rose, if he had share;
All subjects he 'd be at.
A neighb'ring Vulcan ply'd his craft,
And braced our coach both fore and aft,
To make it more secure;
Meanwhile the Jew confess'd a flame;
He sought the wench with ardent aim,
And thought his conquest sure.

The Laceman spy'd him—his red eye
In burning fury seem'd to fry,
The female was his niece;
" Hep! hep!" he cries *—the Jew was wild,
The landlord laugh'd, the damsel smiled;
All cackled on like geese.
At length the Laceman was assuaged;
But th' Israelite, still more enraged,
Now wax'd intensely warm!

---

* A few years ago this cry was frequently raised on the Continent against the persecuted people of Israel; and it implies in a short and simple monosyllable every reproachful insult that language can convey. No Jew can endure it,—the moment it is uttered he becomes furious; meditating only vengeance, reckless of all consequences. Of late, however, the obnoxious exclamation has been strictly interdicted in every part of Germany, and Jews and Gentiles now seem to live on tolerably good terms with each other—thanks to Messrs. Rothschild and all the *capital* members of the circumcised fraternity!

His frantic gestures menaced blows,
Which made the Dutchmen interpose,
And seize his lifted arm.
Before him stood fat Boniface,
With tongue that argued all the case,
And grin that mock'd the feud;
Yet still he seem'd intent on strife,
And wou'd have grasp'd a carving knife,
But——Moses was subdued.
The two Batavians held him tight,
The Laceman vanish'd out of sight,
The damsel disappear'd:
She proved herself a worthless jade;
An assignation she had made,
And first at Moses leer'd.

The Jew that day no farther went,
In gaining cash his time was spent,
He travell'd at his ease;
I gladly left him *nunc et semper*,
While now the fury of his temper
Subsided by degrees.

Three vacant seats no tenants found;
The Diligence went o'er the ground
The lighter for the loss.
The Dutchmen seem'd a pair of mutes,
And were the most unsocial brutes
That man could come across.
The Belgian landscape, flat and rich,
Is varied but by dyke or ditch,
Appearing still the same;

With cultured plains of vast expanse,
O'er which no stranger cares to glance,
The prospect is so tame.
I travell'd not, My Cap! you know,
Like those who for amusement go,
Since business urged my speed;
Ergo my sketches must be slight;
Dull quarto tomes let tourists write,
The pastry shops to feed.
The Belgian towns are fill'd with poor,
Who beg and whine from door to door
In supplicating mood;
A sort of *sportula* they seek *,
At certain houses thro' the week,
And never want for food.

---

* ——————Nunc sportula primo
Limine parva sedet turbæ rapienda togatæ.
JUV. SAT. 1st.

To Brussels as we now approach'd
The two Batavians were uncoach'd—
I loathe such human lumber;
What soul but must regard with hate
The pressure of a sluggish weight
That life can but encumber?
The common stage I found unsuited
To all the stages I 'd computed,
And time must not be lost;
I therefore got a chaise and pair,
While disregarding wear and tear,
I fain must travel post.
Louvain, Liege, Aix-la-chapelle,
With other noted towns, could tell,
At what a rapid rate

We made our progress towards the Rhine,
Where vineyards yield some luscious wine,
A bev'rage for the great.
In time arriving at Cologne,
We thence proceeded on to Bonn,
There saw some learned faces;
Thus scribbles many a travell'd ass,
Who fain would for a tourist pass,
While through his tour he races *.

---

* There are two descriptions of peregrinating ramblers that are truly insufferable—those who travel for the "Trade," *alias* the hired bookmakers, and those vapid fops who gallop over the Continent, and on their return gratuitously foist their puerile productions on the world. The former, however, find a sufficient excuse in their poverty,—the latter, in their affluence, have no apology for being incorrigible. This is the age of tours and tourists. A man who only goes from Ramsgate to Ostend, thinks he has a right to

And now, My Night-cap! could I stay
Each scene and object to pourtray,
In verse, I'd prove a Claude;
Yet if that verse were *claudus* (lame)
(The anti-punster cries "for shame!")
Th' assumption were a fraud.
The man that rural scenes would paint,
Must free himself from all restraint,
And still on nature gaze;

---

write a book, and narrate all his adventures for the information of the public. But how few are there in the whole migratory tribe of book manufacturers who can write any thing worth reading? The author of "Highways and Byways" is a splendid exception; and Mr. Quin in his "Visit to Spain" has attained a degree of distinctive excellence, by giving a peculiar interest even to the most trifling facts and incidents. These two instances I mention particularly, because they stand in such direct contrast to the class to which they may be said to appertain.

What poet could his fancy fill,
With all the charms of " Grongar Hill,"
While rattling in a chaise?

The Rhine ascending, we beheld
Its ample bosom, as it swell'd
And glitter'd in the beam,
That now with all its radiant pow'r
Shone forth in Autumn's golden hour,
To gild the glorious stream.
Light mirthful songs around were sung;
The vines with teeming clusters hung;
Gay, blithesome rustics vied
In taking from each burden'd tree
Its liquid load; nor could there be
A fairer scene espy'd.

In sweet perspective, hamlets lay
Beneath rude piles of dingy grey,
That rose aloft in air *,
The stern memorials of those times,
When " Barons bold" committed crimes
Which no man now would dare.
From Coblentz pass'd a busy train,
To busy Frankfort-on-the-Maine,
Where at this time were found
The leading chapmen of the world ;
The fair had now its flag unfurl'd,
And thousands flock'd around.

---

* Nothing can be more proudly picturesque than the ruins of the old Baronial Castles on the German side of the Rhine.

My vehicle in order ran
Behind a lengthen'd caravan,
That haply had the start;
And *nolens volens* I must go,
As those proceeded fast or slow
Who sought the famous mart *.
Frankfort I reach'd at five o'clock,
P.M., and quaff'd a pint of hock,
Amidst a trading tribe
From wild Siberia to Oporto.
Not all the words in Johnson's quarto
Th' assemblage could describe.

---

* By the "rule of the road" all over the Continent, no carriage is allowed to pass another without the express permission of the party in front.

A mighty great man eke was there,
The greatest man in all the fair,
From Manchester was he:
And while he talk'd of all his sales,
Of all his parcels, all his bales,
He Germaniz'd with glee.

The darkling Danube next I sought,
A river broader than I thought,
Though in some places narrow;
The peasants on its banks somehow,
Like other peasants, use the plough,
And afterwards the harrow.
So says a wight, supremely sage,
Whose volume boasts a title page
Of promise without end;

But title pages oft delude,
And books are seriously review'd
That sense had never penn'd.
Protected from the frigid air,
My head and ears confess'd thy care,
My Night-cap, as I sped;
Vienna call'd me in such haste,
I'd not a moment's time to waste,
And never thought of bed.

Th' Imperial capital I gain'd
At twelve at night, but was detain'd
An hour before the gate.
The police janitor desired,
To show how much I was requir'd,
His special will to wait.

Accosting me in accents gruff,
And with an air both rude and rough,
He started from his bench;
Then bawl'd, as to the gate he flew,
Votre nom et caractère, Monsieur?
The fellow knew some French.
My passport conn'd with jealous eye,
He measured all that could apply
To stature, age, and face:
My head and hair must next be shown,
While crowning both thy cotton cone
Up rose in spiral grace.
But here a discrepance was seen
With lantern light—his glances keen
Made out my hair was brown;

Though in the passport it was said
To be a sort of spurious red,
As such it was put down.
This wakes his doubts, and, lo! my hair
Had now become a state affair,—
A council must be called;
A police council, to decide
What colour nature had supplied,—
I wish'd my cranium bald.
Decide they did for spurious red;
But when th' exterior of my head
Was from suspicion free,
They sought, by questions sharp and shrewd,
To learn if mischief were pursu'd,
Or plann'd internally.

This ordeal over, I procured
A printed paper, which ensured
Protection till next day:
When, as I left my bed at eight,
The police agent came to state
What rules I must obey.
Another printed sheet he brought,
With rigid regulations fraught,
Exhibiting a list
Of questions, which my brain confounded;
Yet did those questions, while propounded,
On answers prompt insist.
I gave to each a full reply,
And having seem'd to satisfy
Th' inquisitorial crew,

From day to day I got their leave
To walk about, but could perceive
They kept me still in view.

This long apostrophe I'll close,
And lest my readers chance to doze,
I'll also change the rhyme;
Yet still, my Night-cap! let the muse
The spirit feel thou dost infuse;
Then shall my verses chime,
In flowing numbers, sweet and strong;
If fram'd, no matter short or long,
Some rhyming dolts attempt the stanza;
With them 'tis th' Ass of Sancho Panza,
Limping along with the poor squire on;
How far from Spenser and from Byron!

But no digressions——

As I stroll'd
To see what sights I could behold,
I found the town extending wide,
With lofty domes on ev'ry side,
With gardens vast to grace the scene,
And houses "few and far between."
The people, affable and kind,
Seem'd much more honest than refined;
Nor did I once perceive them ape
The Gallic shrug, the bow, or scrape.

I saw young NAP, and he appears
A youth matur'd beyond his years;
His nose and chin proclaim his sire;
His eyes bespeak a latent fire;

His manner ardent, quick, and bold,
Reminds one much of NAP the old.
Attended by two surly sages,
And three or four Imperial pages,
He came one night to see the play,
And look'd, and laugh'd, and talk'd away.
His grandsire close adjoining sat,
And Nappy's pate would often pat;
While Nappy, smiling in his face,
Appear'd to ask if he could trace
The organ there which skullmen find
In skulls for sov'reign pow'r design'd?
But politicians well may doubt,
If cranium quacks e'er find it out.
Though proud, yet mild in air and gait,
Disdaining ostentatious state,
The Emperor seeks not to display
In gorgeous pomp his potent sway.

Partaking but of simple fare,
He still rejects all viands rare * ;
And never does his short repast
Beyond a certain moment last:
While as a man the monarch spends
His life for life's important ends.

Vienna has this great attraction,
That here you find no club or faction:
That place is not for faction fit
Where all agree and must submit.

---

* The Emperor of Austria sets an example of rigid temperance to all the crowned heads of Europe. In his case the remark of the poet is peculiarly apposite;

"———Necdum omnis abacta
Pauperies epulis regum."

Nor is his Imperial Majesty more abstinent in his mode of living, than economical in the distribution of his time; for it is said of him, that he does not lose a single moment in the course of the day.

The theatres are grand but gloomy,
The pit and boxes large and roomy;
The actors play all sorts of pieces,
As Hebrew uncles wed their nieces *.
In comedy some few are clever,
But tragedy's a lame endeavour.

The palaces are great and grand,
Superbly built, but badly plann'd.
The galleries extremely fine,
For instance that of Lichtenstein;
And with collections rich and curious,
Though some perhaps are rather spurious.

---

* An instance of this occurred some time ago in the family of Rothschild. The union of course took place with due Levitical sanction; but there is little doubt that the only motive for it was the desire to keep the lady's immense fortune in the hands of the same fraternal tribe.

The Prater * on the Sabbath shows
A splendid host of belles and beaux ;
The playhouse and the ball, at night,
A more than usual crowd invite.
No beadle deck'd in gaudy lace,
Prevents access to either place ;
And scenes abhorr'd by British eyes,
No Christian here will scandalize ;
For Sunday here no " Sabbath shines,"
In the import of our strict divines.
Here never since the days of Noah
Has wight, whose zeal would go to Goa,
Been let to stroll, for goodly acts,
Dispensing testaments and tracts.

---

* The Prater is the Hyde Park of Vienna, and, like that established place of public resort, attracts crowds of all ranks on Sundays.

The prompt policemen soon would teach him
How far th' Imperial pow'r could reach him;
And in a dungeon he might learn
The due distinction to discern
Between establish'd toleration
And wild reforming innovation.

Ah! Daniel Wilson, rev'rend Daniel!
No man, though gentle as a spaniel,
Can here expect that pow'r permits
The pow'r to turn the people's wits *.

* The agents of the Bible Society have made no way in any part of the Austrian dominions. On the contrary, the attempt is hopeless, and must only subject them to imprisonment or immediate removal from the country. As the reverend gentleman who is here apostrophized is one of the most zealous friends to the cause, I wish him to understand that the Austrian government adopts the most rigorous prohibitory measures against the proselytizing missionaries of England. The argument used in justi-

Extending now my hasty tour
To where "the rude Carinthian boor"
Plods on with unremitting toil,
The vassal tenant of the soil,
I found him not by nature made
The "boor" that Goldsmith has pourtray'd.
Nor does he shut his door or gate
Against the wretch whom adverse fate
Has doom'd o'er "weary wastes" to roam,
Without a house, without a home:
Let truth the poet's censure scan,
And then decide for social man *.

---

fication of such measures is this; that the laws of the empire allow the most perfect toleration to existing sects, but will not suffer the people's minds to be disturbed or distracted by the introduction of new doctrines, some of which may be of a dangerous political tendency.

* I traversed both Styria and Carinthia from one end to the

In transitu, it should be known
That there 's at Leoben a stone,
Recording, in egregious cant,
The peace which conquest deign'd to grant,
In ninety-seven, when Frenchmen fought
For glorious freedom, as they thought,
And by the force of lead and steel
Made Austria tremble, crouch, and kneel,
Compell'd for partial preservation,
To ratify her degradation *.

---

other; and from all the inquiries I could make, as well as from actual observation, I am enabled to state with confidence, that the people of those countries are not surpassed by the natives of any region whatever in proper feeling for their fellow-creatures. It is to be feared that Goldsmith has made a partial instance of inhospitality matter for general reproach, than which nothing can be more unjust.

* In the romantic town of Leoben, in Styria, is a garden be-

This famous piece of sculpture stands
Within a garden, which demands
Th' attention of the passing eye,
And all may enter that apply.

An angel with expanded wings
Surmounts the monument, and brings
" Glad tidings" from the realms above,
Of universal peace and love.

Alas! those wings have thus been spread
While blood has been in torrents shed;
While gory carnage, red and reeking,
For human victims still was seeking.

---

longing to M. d'Eckenwald, where, on the 18th of April, 1797, preliminaries of peace were entered into between Austria and France, the subscribing parties being Bonaparte and Count Meerfeld. A monument to commemorate this event has been erected in the garden, and no traveller omits paying it a visit.

Proceeding south, the craggy chain
Of th' Eastern Alps I sought to gain,
And ne'er were lost in Alpine skies
More monstrous links than that supplies.
The eye, appall'd, dares not survey
The rocks that guard the doubtful way;
And frighted Fancy paints the while,
In savage gloom each tow'ring pile.
Dark horrid fissures, deep and wide,
Convulsive yawn on either side;
And wilder still the prospect grows,
Where Friuli's bleak heights disclose
A hideous segregated maze,
That mocks all Nature as it strays.
A dismal mean *albergo* here
Supply'd its miserable cheer;

Black broth, mix'd up with shreds of meat,
Fit only for a dog to eat;
Bread which no dental force could break,
Or in its crust a lodgment make;
And then a dirty waiting wench,
To reconcile me to a stench,
The foulest that e'er yet prevail'd
Where'er my nostrils have inhal'd.
An egg I got, but had no salt.—

Two Russians now resolved to halt,
And try if here a Muscovite
Could satisfy his appetite;
But e'en *their* noses could not bear
The noisome odour of the fare,
And at the dish as they were smelling,
The face bespoke the taste rebelling.

Nor could I see, without a smile,
How fetid soup provoked their bile:
They rail'd in French, but rail'd in vain,
No better fare could they obtain.
" Mine host" his mess mephitic deem'd
The very best that ever teem'd,
And wonder'd they refused to try
The rarest soup he could supply.
The one exclaim'd, " My God! my God!
Not since I left Novagorod
Has this big nose (his nose was vast)
Snuff'd up so pestilent a blast."
The other cried, " *Et ce, mon Dieu!*
Le jardin d'Europe, quel lieu!"
Together then, in conscious pride,
All Italy did they deride,

And from this frontier sample took,
A sample for a Russian book.
They travell'd on as others do,
Resolved to print and publish too;
Yet from the time they 'd sallied forth,
They could see nothing but the North,
And talk'd as though the human mind
In Russia only was refined;
As though the arts triumphant rose
Amidst her everlasting snows,
To shame those regions of the sun,
Where genius had such glories won:
As though the most enlighten'd race
Of all within creation's space
Inhabited those deserts wild,
Where man from knowledge seems exiled *.

* The Russians are justly considered in every part of the Con-

They left the place in angry mood
Commenting on th' offensive food.
A parting nod between us pass'd;
" Adieu!" they cried, " we're doom'd to fast;
That soup, with its infernal smell,
One might suppose was cook'd in hell."
Then at full speed they drove away
In something like a cockney's *chay;*
(*Kibitka* is its Russian name;)
In this from Petersburg they came.—

At length the mountains dark and drear
Receded as we now drew near

---

tinent as the vainest people in Europe, even the French not excepted. Without reflecting for a moment that they are not yet a century old in semi-civilization, they descant with unblushing effrontery on the rude state of other nations, and on their own intellectual superiority in every respect.

The plains where Gallic legions bled,
With Fortune's chieftain at their head,
'Till conquest——But no flights sublime
Dare I attempt in sportive rhyme;
Let bards of wild Icarian dreams
Their wings dissolve in epic beams,
Then tumble headlong, God knows where,
While I seek "Rabelais' easy chair."
Th' *ottava rima* let me try;
Since others write it, why not I?
No Muse e'er gave to Byron's brain
Th' exclusive right to th' octave strain;
I dare the world to prove it *secus*,
Or class me with the *servum pecus*.

CANTO.

I.

To Udine the road is very fine,
But squalid beggars on each side you meet,
Who plague the ear with one perpetual whine,
And horrify the strangers whom they greet.
Of poverty this proves the strongest sign,
And Friuli 's with poverty replete;
Not e'en in Ireland could the vagrant train
Excite such feelings of disgust and pain.

II.

And this same road by no means is a straight one,
But corkscrew-like goes tortuous to the end.
The town of Udine is thought a great one;
To greatness all Italian towns pretend.

My dinner here I found a very late one,
And here the night did I resolve to spend;
But resolutions—lo! how rash to make them!
When circumstances force a man to break them.

III.

The sev'ral inns were crowded to excess;
A vacant bed was nowhere to be had;
'Twas therefore vain to importune or press.
The *Oste* and *Ostezza* would be glad
To take my cash, but dare not to transgress
The Mayor's commands, e'en tho' the Mayor were mad.
And now his worship, for the Congress folk,
Had all the beds in all the town bespoke.

IV.

Vast numbers came, and functionaries all,
Who to Verona eagerly repair'd;
Official station, whether great or small,
Is rarely lost on those by whom 'tis shared.
Twelve greasy guests, like butchers at a stall,
Arrived at th' inn (where *spare* beds were not *spared*),
Nor less by language than by haughty looks
Announced themselves as twelve imperial cooks.

V.

The autocrat of All the Russias fed
And kept on foot this culinary corps;
A swagg'ring Frenchman as their captain led,
Vain as a Frenchman of the rank he bore;

His supper first he order'd, then his bed,
Then at a stupid lazy scullion swore
For having lost, he knew not when or where,
The slippers he 'd entrusted to his care.

VI.

" Here, Kodrywowskyczernivitch," he cries,
(What English tongue could such a name pronounce !)
" Be sure to-night, before you close your eyes,
" To paper off those spices by the ounce ;
" And you, Milzofrumchichinchoff, likewise
(The fellow answer'd with a saltant bounce)
" Look to the truffles, or, *parbleu !* my whip
" Shall make you like a headless turkey skip *."

* It would be impossible for any language to give an idea of

VII.

Thus did this man of condiments command
His vassal cooks, who crouch'd at his behest;
With lofty air before them did he stand,
Exhibiting an order on his breast,
Conferr'd by his imperial master's hand,
In approbation of the grateful zest
His skill imparted to each goose or gander,
Or other dish he dress'd for Alexander*.

---

the minatory vehemence with which this dominant *artiste* delivered his commands. To make a poor cook skip about like a turkey with the head just knocked off is an exploit worthy the Lord of the Kitchen.—The simile is quite in character.

* The Emperor Alexander is said to be particularly fond of goose. However, in dignifying his cook with an order, it is questionable whether he has not sacrificed his *moral* to his *physical* taste.

VIII.

The night was dark, and much against my will
Was I that night oblig'd to travel more;
But go I must, and so discharg'd my bill:
It prov'd a most unconscionable score.
Let no man dine in Italy until
His bargain's made, though bargains are a bore,
Else he must pay a price beyond all bounds,
The landlords are such vile rapacious hounds.

IX.

A sorry village, distant from the town
About two leagues, afforded me a place
Where I was glad to lay my caput down;
Ye Gods! next morning what a frightful face

Did mine appear, with blotches red and brown,
In which the eye might evidently trace
What havock the mosquito tribe had made,
While on my blood the curs'd tormentors prey'd!

X.

My forehead seem'd an intersected map,
With vivid punctures dotted and defin'd;
And o'er my face, though I'd pull'd down My Cap
In guise portentous, yet, as I reclin'd,
The buzzing pests found access by mishap,
And in the morning left me almost blind:
My swollen optics scarce a wink could see;
In vain I blink'd to set my eyelids free.

XI.

An old Sangrado lent his bungling aid,
And brought his potions, lotions, lancets, leeches;
So grossly stupid was he at his trade,
I marvell'd how he got himself a breeches;
Yet did he practise when his patients paid;
And he could make most scientific speeches.
His garb was black, but miserably seedy:
My pulse he felt;—I thought of Doctor Eady *.

XII.

A lubricating unguent he applied,
With horrid stench enough to make one faint;
And at the mirror blinking, I espy'd
My bloated eyelids plaster'd o'er with paint:

* It were needless to observe that the name of this notorious empiric is synonymous with quackery.

My nose revolted ; nor could nose abide
A remedy to vex a very saint :
I soon despatch'd him : the *padrona's* daughter,
To wash his work out, brought me soap and water.

XIII.

The rigid covers of my optics, now
To nature left, relax'd by slow degrees;
I started forth, nor car'd a moment how.
The *Oste* show'd an anxious wish to please,
And with a sort of supplicating bow,
Hop'd I 'd forget musquitoes, bugs, and fleas:
I coolly bade him mark my fretted phiz ;
But he assur'd me 'twas no fault of his.

XIV.

The verdant meads with crystal dew-drops—mum!
That strain accords not with my present views.
As soon as to Treviso I had come,
I heard a piece of most momentous news:
'Twas said by many, credited by some,
Who never could their prompt assent refuse,
That Wellington had died in the Tyrol*:
'Tis false, said I; a lie, upon my soul!

XV.

I lik'd Treviso, and the country round
Presents some scenes which all men must admire;
Villas and gardens every where abound;
Not villas such as cockneys would desire,

* The Duke of Wellington was extremely ill on his way to

With squatted roof scarce raised above the ground,
And trellis prim as cockney could require:
Suburban structures here are built with taste;
The Hackney Road's with clustering brick defac'd.

XVI.

In Latium taste has long pronounc'd her fiat;
And architecture here, you must admit,
Displays much less of nibbling Nash, than Wyatt.
A favour'd Wyatt lately has thought fit
To *vitle*ify * a noted name, and try at
Distinctive station by some happy hit.

Verona, and underwent a surgical operation while passing through the Tyrol, which caused a report of his death to be circulated in several places.

* The Windsor Vitruvius has shown a preposterous ambition

All England knows Bragge Bathurst chang'd his name,
But still he 's Bragge, and Bragge is still the same.

XVII.

Treviso gives, as every body knows,
A sounding title to a French campaigner :
Napoleon paid his bullies for their blows,
And in this instance Mortier was a gainer.
A German spy, with curv'd and crooked nose,
Was quarter'd here as a police retainer.
He watch'd my motions, and, where'er I went,
His hideous tube was always on the scent.

---

to be specially distinguished from his race, by tacking the Gallic adjunct " ville" to his name, and soliciting the Crown to sanction the exotic syllable.

XVIII.

I now bethought me, with precaution due,
That Lady Morgan's "Italy" I'd got:
Which if this shrewd suspicious agent knew,
I soon should find all Italy too hot:
I therefore to my private chamber flew,—
And found the book?—Good reader, I did not:
I'd haply left it on the parlour table,
But haply too to read it none were able.

XIX.

The waiter soon I order'd to retire,
And took th' obnoxious volume in my hand,
"There," I exclaim'd, "go feed that flaming fire,
Lest thou shouldst get me ousted from a land

Where freedom's air no mortal can inspire,
Who dares to carry stuff so contraband!"
The text in blazing paper disappear'd.
Poor Lady Morgan! lo! how much she 's fear'd!

XX.

Yet, sooth to say, her book can do no harm;
Conceit and folly never should excite
One serious thought or feeling of alarm:
Let Austria rule; her Ladyship may write:
Her pen innoxious no man should disarm,
No power restrain her visionary flight;
And while for Colburn's puffing shop she plies,
For Colburn let Sir Charles philosophize *.

* Sir Charles Morgan, knight, surgeon, author, and, *par excellence*, lord conjugal of Lady Morgan, has manufactured a large

XXI.

The fertile plains of Lombardy extend,
" Bright as the summer," far as th' eye can reach,
And countless shades in rich commixture blend;
Not all the powers of all the parts of speech
Could paint a scene which language must transcend.
My pen or pencil no man shall impeach.
I'll leave this scene to those who can describe it;
" My Night-cap now *ad alium locum ibit.*

---

quantity of philosophy, which Mr. Henry Colburn, a well-known dealer in that line, has now on sale at his new warehouse in Burlington-street. However, some of the most experienced judges have long since declared that the article is altogether *unsound;* the consequence of which is, that Mr. C. has a considerable stock on hand, which he would be glad to dispose of at fifty per cent. below the trade price. All pieces bearing the stamp of Dugald Stewart and Co. are still in great demand, and likely to keep possession of the market.—*Paternoster-Row Price Current.*

XXII

A pleasant drive soon brought us to a spot
Establish'd as a general rendezvous,
Where people muster with impatience hot,
An anxious, curious, jarring, gaping crew,
With tongues enough to form a polyglot,
And cash enough—else they could never do.
This spot is Mestre,—thence to Venice pass
Whole herds of strangers in one motley mass.

XXIII.

The Adriatic has not on its shore
A more extorting, cheating, knavish tribe,
Than Mestre claims. A Yorkshire tourist swore,
That Yorkshire dealing, though a standing jibe,

Was honesty inherent in the core,
Compar'd with what the sharpers here imbib :
He loudly curs'd the vile amphibious race,
" Blew up" the landlord, damn'd, and left the place.

XXIV.

An Irishman, with racy native brogue,
Was less indignant, but not less severe.
" Upon my *sowl* (quoth Paddy) you 're a rogue.
(His look was comic and his manner queer)
Why, man, when *Vanus* was in highest vogue,
No landlord charg'd the prices you have here.
And such a dinner ! Your d——d *varmikelly**
The live-long night kept challenging my belly."

---

* Vermicelli.

XXV.

This strange Hibernian was himself a *host*,—
A host of humour, drollery, and fun.
When least expected he succeeded most:
His handsome sister fain would be a nun:
And with good reason he might fairly boast,
While after her from Emeraldshire he 'd run,
That all the dames were running after him;
They lik'd his person, pleasantry, and whim.

XXVI.

He 'd left the city whither I was bound:
On asking how he liked it, he reply'd,
" By J——s, man, 'tis neither square nor round,
Nor straight, nor crooked, narrow, broad, or wide;

But all together; and it must be drown'd,
However long it has the *say* defied.
'Tis no more like the *Vanus* of *ould* days,
Than an *ould* wig is like a pair of stays."

XXVII.

Aurora now her blushing radiance shed
O'er the smooth surface of the tranquil deep.
This sounds too lofty. I jump'd out of bed;
The reason was, I could no longer sleep.
The morning sky look'd beautifully red.
Bathos! bathos! Had a glorious peep
O'er the Laguna; saw three furious dogs
In dental strife with four poor helpless hogs.

XXVIII.

A "sorry sight," which Wordsworth might deplore,
And Galway Martin reprobate aloud *:
The pigs had ears; those ears the mastiffs tore:
No sympathy was shown among the crowd

* There is not a single animal in existence that would not, if conscious of Mr. Martin's humane exertions, evince, in the strongest manner of which its organs were capable, how greatly that distinguished senator has endeared himself to all the dumb vassals of man. The horse would be the first to cheer him with a loud, and we must add, well-deserved neigh; the pig would hail him with a grunt of gratitude; the sheep would bleat forth his praise; and even the bear would growl in acknowledgment of what he has recently attempted to accomplish. The ass, of course, would never cease to bray: and here, while adverting to this animal, it may be as well to observe that its legislative guardian prosecuted a man, on a late occasion, for cruelty to a most unoffending and tractable donkey. This circumstance gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*:

How strongly is the social feeling shown!
How wisely Nature all her species classes!
Congenial hearts congenial feelings own;
Dick Martin melts in sympathy for asses.

Of gondoliers that waited on the shore
To catch at custom ;—nay, the fellows vow'd
That pigs so guilty in their rooting noses
Deserv'd no mercy—here I thought of Moses.

XXIX.

How shall the Muse depict, in vagrant verse,
A faithful image of that black machine,—
That strange, unsightly, queer, aquatic hearse,
In which my goodly corpus now was seen
Station'd beside a damsel plump and terse,
While near her sat a lady lank and lean?
The latter was with garlic so befum'd,
That none could tell the quantum she consum'd.

XXX.

This floating model of the sable car
That takes frail mortals to their last abode
Is call'd a gondola, and from afar
You see them still in countless numbers row'd;
A fleet funereal, sweating pitch and tar,
Sometimes with light, sometimes with heavy load;
And each black structure, tufted at the top,
Is deck'd with honours from the fleecy crop.

XXXI.

Light are the hearts with which the gondoliers
Day after day their active labours ply;
Merry the song the passing stranger hears:
'T would seem to mock the scene that meets his eye.

Th' imagination pictures moving biers
In all the baleful barges that go by:
But, *en passant,* no London undertakers
Could here exist; and here you find no Quakers.

XXXII.

Queen of the waters, Venice! who can sing
What thou hadst been when Sannazar essay'd
Two potent gods in rivalry to bring,
Transported with the impression thou hadst made*!

---

* Venice is unquestionably the most extraordinary city in the known world. The mind of the beholder is struck with astonishment at the immense difficulties which the ingenuity and industry of man are capable of surmounting, as well as at the vastness and

But now a ruin'd solitary thing,

The wreck of grandeur, fortune, commerce, trade;

No eye can e'er behold thee, without pain,

In faded glory rising from the main.

---

grandeur of the design itself. Within a circle of about seven miles, comprising a multitude of little islets, a city of palaces has been raised from the bosom of the ocean, with streets intersected by numberless canals, over which not less than three hundred bridges have been constructed. The poet Sannazar was so much transported with admiration, on seeing this stupendous undertaking accomplished, that he wrote the following celebrated epigram, in which he introduces a pair of rival deities, and makes Neptune exult in the superiority of Venice over Rome.

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toto ponere jura mari.
"*Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis, Jupiter, arces*
Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis," ait.
"*Si pelago Tyberim præfers, urbem aspice utramque:*
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos."

XXXIII.

This stanza's florid; some small critic may
Pronounce it turgid;—let him, if he will.
O'er the Laguna as we made our way,
With water soon our bark began to fill:
The plump young damsel scream'd with wild dismay;
The lank and lean one sat sedately still:
The former changed her screaming to a shriek;
The boatman laugh'd, and quickly stopp'd the leak.

XXXIV.

Approaching the Rialto, how sublime,
And yet how squalid did the scene appear!
What gorgeous splendour of the "olden time!"
What filth and foulness of the current year!

There ne'er was found, in any age or clime,
A scene more chequer'd as the eye drew near:
On either side the deep and dark canal
Were objects to delight and to appal.

XXXV.

In stately grandeur piles majestic rose,
With sculptured wealth enrich'd in purest taste:
But from the windows rags and ragged clothes
Hung dangling down, and all the front disgrac'd.
'T would seem as if the washerwomen chose
To show how far that art might be debas'd,
Which noseless Elgin * found a ready trade,
Denounc'd by Athens, but by Britain paid.

---

* Lord Byron's epigram on the prominent privation of the

XXXVI.

Spirit of Phidias! couldst thou but awake,
And witness so much profanation dire,
What retribution would thy vengeance take!
To such apostrophes I can 't aspire.
Phidias and famed Praxiteles could make
The marble man to glow with living fire.
Wyatt, with fierce Bellona on his side,
Has rais'd a horse for George the Third to ride *.

---

noble marble-monger is not to be matched. Never was there so much point on so *pointless* a subject.

* Mr. M. Wyatt is without doubt a man of genius, and in many things a man of refined taste also; but he offers violence both to taste and judgment, while he invests one of the most peaceful monarchs that ever reigned with the martial character of his times, and mounts him on a war-horse as a tribute to his prowess.

XXXVII.

Not rags alone proud palaces defile,
But all the loathsome attributes that blend,
In horrid guise, with florid pomp and style,
The mind to shock, the senses to offend:
Yet all extremes the people reconcile,
And the more burden'd the more tamely bend:
Thus wretches, doom'd in teeming graves to toil,
Oft loudest sing while deepest they turmoil.

XXXVIII.

The *Grand Bretagne*'s a very good hotel;
So good, that here no better can you find:
The landlord treats all English tourists well;
He likes their cash, and therefore is inclin'd

To let no rival Boniface excel
In luxuries and lures of any kind:
His daptic list a catalogue compris'd
Of more than e'er at Very's was devis'd*.

XXXIX.

A Cicerone waited to escort
All *Bull* that came such *Lions* strange to see:
A sallow creature, dapper, square, and short;
But could not lend his services to me.
The reason was, he 'd bargain'd to resort,
For seven days, (and now had rambl'd three)
Where'er a Cockney tailor chose to go,
And tell that tailor all he wish'd to know.

* For a man to visit Paris, and not dine at Very's, is a sort of negative outrage on *taste*.

XL.

This man of *measures* had some time abjur'd
The *goose* and thimble; for, by Fortune's whim,
Estates and multum *Omnium* he 'd secur'd,
Which no man thought would ever come to *him*.
His cross-leg craft the tailor felt assur'd
No person knew, except his footman Tim:
But Tim, a blabbing varlet, let it out—
* *Grande sartore* soon was buzz'd about.

---

* After the servant had thus proved a traitor to his master's consequence, or, as the facetious author of "Mornings at Bow-street" would say, *peached*, the master began to be designated every where as "the Great Tailor,"—not in reference to his stature, which was of the diminutive order,—but because of his wealth, which made him a most *exalted* personage.

XLI.

But why a tailor boasting ample pelf
Should not in style to classic regions hie,
When rais'd above the shopboard and the shelf,
There can be no sufficient reason why.
Sir Balbus Blubber fain would show himself
Another hero of an Odyssey,
The rival of Ulysses in his rambles,
By Nature form'd to grace some sweating shambles *.

* The stupendous alderman, whose *incranioligable* head has so long represented so many well-*organized* heads of the city of London, has been found, at the age of seventy-four, playing the part of Ulysses for several months together, while circumnavigating every rock and island in the Mediterranean. But a few months before, and he was seen attired in the Caledonian kilt, with *claymore* in hand, an enormous pair of quills in his bonnet, and marching to the music of the Highland bagpipe. What may we not expect from him next, if death (which God forefend!) should not arrest his progress?

XLII.

Vain was the tailor of his person smart,
Vain of his coat, his trowsers, and his vest;
In cut they show'd the climax of the art,
In texture put all Europe to the test:
His eyes at all the damsels would he dart;
Their ogling eyes he studied to arrest;
The *signorinas* how he strove to wheedle—
A smirking spruce Lothario of the needle!

XLIII.

St. Mark's he saw; and thither, first of all,
Is ev'ry stranger from th' Albergo led;
He thought, "as how, the dome was much too small,
And them there horses not like thorough-bred;

But if so be that these here towers should fall,
As soon they must, the church *must lose its head.*"
The Cockney chuckl'd, thought he 'd made a hit,
And wonder'd why we laugh'd not at his wit.

XLIV.

In the fine arts, he vaunted his virtù,
And talk'd of all the purchases he 'd made.
" My bills on England will be paid when due,
I 've got the *blunt,* and, *demme,* who 's afraid?"
Exclaim'd the tailor, while he went to view
Some sham *chefs-d'œuvre* of the picture trade:
As gems antique what heaps of trash he bought,
For gems still seeking, and by sharpers sought *!

* A more nefarious gang than the picture-dealers of Venice cannot be met with from " China to Peru." They are continually

XLV.

A tailor's fancy could but ill pourtray
That strange, fantastic, bold, grotesque design,
With which the architect would fain display
St. Mark's, a structure fancifully fine.
Resolved beyond "the reach of art" to stray,
He neither used the plumb, the rule, nor line.
Nash scorn'd proportions in that grand Pavilion—
The reader knows the rhyming word is million.

---

on the look-out for the dupes of all countries; but their chief harvest is from England. It so happens that too many Englishmen who visit them are, like this *ci-devant* knight of the needle, much more remarkable for well-stored pockets than for well-furnished heads, and the sure consequence is that they find themselves *done* without mercy.

XLVI.

Both buildings, too, some slight resemblance bear:
St. Mark's has minarets, and towers besides:
The Brighton pile makes ev'ry stranger stare;
Its monstrous head the shapeless body hides,
With huge pagodas paunching into th' air;
The porpus plan all symmetry derides:
Yet at Pekin would Nash, perhaps, have been
Dubb'd for this plan a mighty Mandarin.

XLVII.

But though a structure most grotesque to th' eye,
St. Mark's is still magnificently grand;
And while no portions in detail apply,
The *tout ensemble* shews a master's hand.

The architect we know not, by the by,
But he had rare materials at command;
Columns of porphyry, mix'd with verd antique,
Adorn the front, where stand four horses sleek.

XLVIII.

These famous horses, by the world admired,
Seem destin'd now their places to retain,
Restored by conquest and by war acquired,
As martial monuments of loss and gain
They still survive the fortunes that conspired
To wrest them from the proud Venetian fane.
Napoleon's fall has silenced Gallic thunder,
And with his fall have Frenchmen ceased to plunder.

XLIX.

Th' interior is with rich mosaic crown'd ;
Of marble is the tesselated floor ;
But on the walls no paintings are there found,
Though other churches have a boundless store.
The organ pour'd a full and solemn sound ;
Some groan'd and mumbled, some were heard to snore ;
And 'midst the latter one dull sluggard snorted,
While the good *prete* piously exhorted.

L.

The days are gone when Venice saw with pride
Her Doge enthroned in oligarchic state,
Prepared alike to dictate and decide,
The arbiter and guardian of her fate.

No more the ring drops in the swelling tide;
Ring-droppers now the scaffold must await:
Adieu, then, all ye marriages dramatic
Of my Lord Duke with Lady Adriatic!

LI.

The ducal palace shows the eventful doom
Of all that pow'r which Venice once possess'd;
Sublimely grand, it rose in awful gloom,
A monument distinguish'd from the rest;
Like some revered and venerated tomb,
That sanctified the honours it confess'd,
Appearing still more sacred in decay—
At Venice are no horses, there 's no need of hay.

LII.

Twelve jumping syllables this stanza close,
And twelve such jumps would shock the critic's ear ;
But no more Alexandrines I 'll compose ;
Of number twelve I 'll stand in future clear.
When Dandolo, to meet the Christian foes,
On his crusade to th' East resolved to steer*,
Venice beheld her pious paddling people
Erecting churches ;—here the rhyme is steeple.

---

* In the beginning of the 13th century the crusades being renewed, the Venetians fitted out a fleet of 500 ships under the command of the Doge Dandolo, who had resolved to reduce Constantinople ; and not long after this period the republic extended its dominion over several parts of the Eastern Empire, including the Morea and other places.

LIII.

Those, with the churches subsequently built,
Exhaustless stores of varied art contain ;
In some are columns most superbly gilt,
And some have pillars exquisitely plain.
A *lofty* laundress wrung a dirty quilt
Close by a spot which suds should ne'er profane ;
A monk received upon his tonsur'd crown
The foul discharge that pour'd in torrents down.

LIV.

He cross'd himself, look'd up, and saw the dame,
With head projecting from an attic floor,
Whence on his head the visitation came ;
A visitation which the *padre* bore

With Christian patience. She was much to blame;
Yet did the slattern in rude laughter roar,
Quite reckless of the mischief she had done;
"*Scusa!*" she cries—the monk excused her fun.

LV.

Paintings at Venice you behold in heaps;
The churches are with masterpieces hung;
And where some Mater Dolorosa weeps,
Full oft is heard the penitential tongue
Of some young Magdalene, who softly creeps
On bended knees while mass is said or sung.
'Tis here, as with the Magdalenes of Surrey *,
Repenting and relapsing in a hurry.

---

* The asylum in the Surrey Road is a most laudable institution; but it is to be regretted that too many of those who find

LVI.

Society in this Nerean spot
Is not precisely such as you could wish;
Some have good qualities, and more have not:
They all prefer a mess of rice to fish.
But looking at the people in a lot,
You take your chance as though you dealt with Bish.
The social scheme has prizes of all ranks,
Yet few and small compar'd with all the blanks.

LVII.

The nobles in their abject degradation
Would fain keep up the grandeur of their sires;
But to maintain imposing pomp and station,
A purse as well as pedigree requires;

---

access there are incurable patients in a moral sense, though they are returned to the world as radically cured of every vice.

And here the man of titled elevation
Oft lives in want, in poverty expires:
The glories of his ancestors have vanish'd.—
The Cockney tailor was from Venice banish'd.

LVIII.

He talk'd too much of barons, monks, and kings,
Of Magna Charta, Calvin, and Jack Cade,
The Bill of Rights, and various other things,
Nor car'd how far his feelings he betray'd:
And in his trunk, 'midst brooches, chains, and rings,
Were Hume and Smollet, pipe and tabor, laid.
A police order seal'd th' historic page,
And sent him packing—*Exit* in a rage.

LIX.

The rakish *Charles* exhibits in the play *
A famous lot of kindred heads for sale;
But mean and poor this ancestral array
Compar'd with that which still descends entail,
To mark at once the splendour and the sway
That grac'd a house whose fortunes, doom'd to fail,
Have left it now without a single claim,
Save boasted canvass and a noted name.

LX.

The name "Grimani" each Venetian owns
Coeval with the fundamental piles †,

---

* The School for Scandal.

† Piles constitute a "fundamental feature" in the structure of Venice. They do so likewise in several other places.

On which are rear'd the venerable stones
That form a city cap'd with slates or tiles:
But what avails the pomp of buried bones
Though Doges lie in monumental files?
"Can storied urn or animated bust"
Give the dead jaw the power to munch a crust?

LXI.

The *Casa di Grimani* shews a train
Of mighty magnates from the painter's easel.
A Bond-street coxcomb, ignorant as vain,
With stinted throat, and weason'd as a weasel,
A portrait glanc'd at, then squeak'd out with pain,
"How damn'd like Farren in *Sir Peter Teazle!*"
As like, indeed, as likenesses can be,
Which squinting fops through dim distortion see

LXII.

A stout, good-humour'd, jolly-looking wag,
With funny eye, and still more funny phiz,
Was his companion, and with lengthen'd drag
Of mouth, that show'd a tendency to quiz,
"If my silk purse is like a miller's bag,
Then, Dick," he cries, "that face is just like his."
The simile completely hit the mark,
And mortified the fashionable spark.

LXIII.

He swagger'd round, the paintings still survey'd,
But on their merits was profoundly mute;
His friend then to another subject stray'd,
One much more likely to provoke dispute;

To wound his pride he constantly essay'd,
And show'd himself as comic as astute:
"Why, Dick, I'm told Lord Byron sees but few;
Why go to Pisa*, Dick? he won't see *you!*"

LXIV.

These galling words were utter'd with a sneer,
Which peevish Dick was ill prepared to brook:
The "*you*" emphatic grated on his ear:
The wag unmoved a pinch of Strasburg took:
"Sir," squeaks the fop, "you're damnably severe,"
Exclaiming with a furious vengeful look,
"He'll not see *me!* this language I contend—
Lord Byron, Sir, regards me as a *friend!*"

---

* At this time Lord Byron resided at Pisa in a state of almost total seclusion from his countrymen.

LXV.

" The devil he does! *ma foi! tout autre chose!*
This friendship must be very new indeed;
But in one night the largest mushroom grows,
And fungus sometimes rankly runs to seed."
The fop retorted with *adunco* nose;
(Horace to wit) we quote to show we read:
Both left the room; the one with anger whizzing,
The other still sarcastically quizzing.

LXVI.

The Lombard painters Venice proudly claims,
Exulting in the genius they attest;
But foremost in the host of splendid names
Paolo Veronese stands confess'd;

His pencil at the grand and graceful aims :
No painter was more honour'd or caress'd.
Bold Tintoretto, aptly call'd the " Furious,"
In fancy was immod'rately luxurious*.

LXVII.

Some rising artists of the present day
Give partial eclat to a straiten'd school,
Where the vain-glorious Somerset-house R. A.
Might blush to think he figured as a fool ;

---

* His peculiarly bold manner of painting caused the epithet "*furious*" to be applied to his name. Few masters have painted more than Tintoretto, and there is not one whose works are of such unequal merit. In some of his pieces he is allowed to be incomparable, while in others he is considered as totally inferior to the powers he possessed. This inequality is attributed to his having degraded himself and his art by undertaking all kinds of jobs at all prices. The several churches at Venice are filled with the productions of his rapid pencil.

While Titian's tints he thought he could display,
As much like Titian as like Tasso Hoole.
Too long did genius pine in Canaletti,
Too soon it triumph'd in young Master Betty.

LXVIII.

Ere yet "My Night-cap" bids a last adieu
To scenes amphibious of the strangest kind,
Let me not fail to take a parting view
Of that abyss ingeniously design'd
The midnight gloom at noontide to renew,
For hapless wretches, fetter'd and confined;
Poor wretches, destined never once to hail
The light of heaven in their infernal gaol!

LXIX.

Submerged below the surface of the deep,
In noisome cells, where fetid vapour teems,
Long frightful vigils are they doom'd to keep,
Or, courting rest, are scared with horrid dreams;
How blest were they in death at once to sleep,
While nature 's urg'd to nature's last extremes,
While life is loathsome, while each hope is fled,
While still alive they 're number'd with the dead!

LXX.

But fate forbids, and patience gives to power
A ling'ring triumph o'er the human frame;
The suff'ring victim would prolong the hour,
And leave to nature death's too certain aim.

Our traitors take their airings in the Tower,
And eat roast beef till Ketch puts in his claim;
A Thistlewood at Venice must have been,
Ere led to death, a spectre submarine.

LXXI.

Not Bennet, Buxton, nor good Mrs. Fry,
Nor Quaker Allen, that most sturdy *Friend,*
Could here attempt the dungeon depths to spy;
No sop could serve them; ne'er could they descend*;
E'en Howard, if living, would in vain apply:
No gaolites here with gaolers could contend,
And prison parsons—mark it, Dr. Rudge!
In ostentatious labours dare not budge.

---

* *Melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam*
Objicit.—VIRG.

LXXII.

New scenes invite—My Night-cap bids me hence
To *Terra Firma* speedily repair.
Venice, farewell! the muse would fain condense
In one short couplet all thy merits rare;
In honest truth they wake no grateful sense
Of what they *are* compared with what they *were*;
A splendid sink with many a foul deposit,
I call thee—what?—Old Neptune's water-closet.

CANTO II.

I.

The Brenta winds its turbid stream between
Two shelving banks with handsome villas crown'd;
And still those banks retain'd their freshest green,
Nor had October yet the trees embrown'd;
But as we pass'd a piteous sight was seen,
A poor Carthusian in the Brenta drown'd;
His corpse had lain there since the morning prior,
And now, when found, they mourn'd the fated friar.

II.

Some monks and matrons near the spot were kneeling;
Some pious peasants ranged themselves about;
They pray'd aloud with fervency and feeling,
And thump'd their breasts in ecstasy devout.

Meanwhile a miscreant from the chaise was stealing
The Packwood strop and razors I 'd left out.
Transalpine thieves can ne'er attempt those rigs
That mark th' adroitness of our London *prigs* *.

III.

Close by the Brenta lives in rural ease
A wight that, ere in manhood's season ripe,
Was doom'd a parent's avarice to please,
And sacrifice his manhood to his pipe;

---

* Dr. Johnson and Mr. Pierce Egan, two celebrated philologists in their respective departments, give a different interpretation of the word "prig." The great lexicographer makes it signify a pert conceited little fellow; but in the *flash* vocabulary of the author of "Boxiana" it means a pickpocket.

Veluti's form no human creature sees.
Unshock'd by nature's mutilated type.
Curst be that wretch, that monster-like offender,
Whose thirst of gain his offspring can ungender * !

IV.

Old Adam's sons in Lombardy excel
Our famed M'Adam in his boasted art;
The road to Padua pulveriz'd so well,
Most clearly shows that they have had the start:

---

* The horrible practice of castration, which was so long the disgrace of those rulers who sanctioned it, is now prohibited in every part of Italy; the singer Veluti, and one or two others, being at this time the only surviving monuments of licensed outrage on human nature.

No better road, all whip tacticians tell,
Was ever made for waggon, chaise, or cart.
In ancient days, ere ladies wore fine smocks,
The town of Padua furnish'd Rome with frocks *.

V.

Antenor built it on a fertile plain,
Where now it stands in antiquated guise;
And erst its name was famous, like Colerain,
For linen, which the people us'd to prize:
E'en still the loom employs a busy train,
His rattling shuttle still the Paduan plies;
Yet vagrant wretches prowl without a shirt,
Beplagued with vermin, and begrim'd with dirt.

* The linen of which the Roman tunics were made was manufactured at Padua.

VI.

A seat of learning long establish'd here,
Too long has dwindl'd under that restraint
Which checks the force of genius in its sphere,
And makes e'en reason matter of complaint;
Philosophy is view'd with jealous fear,
And science dreaded as a noxious taint,
Where Galileo found a safe asylum,
Proscrib'd by churchmen lest he should defile 'em *.

---

* Galileo sought an asylum at Padua after he had made himself obnoxious to persons who had the power of persecuting him for scientific discoveries which they were incapable of appreciating. He was a lecturer of the University in the year 1610. Padua is also distinguished for having been many years the residence of the super-sentimental Petrarch, who was a canon of the cathedral.

VII.

Th' antiquities which people here behold
Fond classic musings always must invite;
They call to mind the Roman days of old;
Rome's great historian here first saw the light *.
The market dames of Covent Garden scold,
But here is no vituperative spite;
Two learned hags discuss'd, in sapient style,
The birth and breeding of the crocodile.

VIII.

Squatted they sat, each hag was in her hair
(For grey-hair'd matrons here their pates expose†);
Large silver pins transversely did they wear,
Their hoary locks more gaily to disclose.

---

* Livy was a native of Padua.

† In all the northern parts of Italy nothing is more common

Fresh eggs they sold, but haply took no care
Of goods so fragile, as the sequel shows:
An awkward rustic standing near the place,
By luckless chance fell flat upon his face:

IX.

But where, ye gods? right down among the eggs,
Which now pour'd forth a flood of ruptur'd yolks;
And still exerting both his hands and legs,
He spreads confusion, 'midst tumultuous jokes.
The fellow loudly for assistance begs,
And laughter loud among the crowd provokes;
At length he rose, and on his frame was fix'd
A mass of slime with broken shells commix'd.

---

than to see old women between seventy and eighty without cap, hat, or bonnet. They exhibit their grey hair to the world with as much pride as the young girl of sixteen displays her flowing tresses, and frequently ornament their heads with a profusion of silver pins as large as skewers.

X.

While thus he stood in most unseemly plight,
The dames whose *floating capital* was lost
Insisted on their equitable right
To reparation at the rustic's cost:
But he maintain'd they 'd been neglectful quite,
Wherefore upon their baskets he was toss'd.
Before the Mayor they pleaded for their property—
" Blackwood," I read, delighted with O'Doherty *.

XI.

From Padua to Vicenza lies a tract,
Grac'd and enrich'd by Nature's bounteous hand.

---

* This established contributor to Blackwood's famed " Periodical" possesses more sterling humour highly pickled with acetous sarcasm, than any working quillman from the Thames to the Frith of Forth.

The latter town the French invaders sack'd,
And, flush'd with conquest, ravag'd all the land;
His plund'ring troops their leader always back'd,
And license made each soldier a brigand.
Vicenza makes a duke of Caulincourt,
But here his dukeship ranks as duke no more.

XII.

As now towards "fair Verona" we advanc'd,
What various groups from various nations made
The journey thither! An old surgeon lanc'd
A Prussian broker on a litter laid.
The man of business to the Congress pranc'd
En courier, lest he else might be delay'd;
But by mishap a restive hack he found
That quickly left him sprawling on the ground.

XIII.

Some painful bruises follow'd from his fall,
But, *Deo gratias!* no whole bones were broken.
He 'd been in London at a Common Hall,
Heard Waithman speak, but knew not what he 'd spoken;
A friend of his, who liv'd near London Wall,
Had int'rest in the ward they call Portsoken:
His friend had been "von Common Council dere,"
And must become "von Alderman Lord Mayor."

XIV.

All this he told us, stretch'd upon his back,
And cursing both the post-house and the place
Where he had got th' unmanageable hack
Whose rearing rump had flung him in his race:

The pain he felt prevented not his clack ;
His tongue in English jargoniz'd apace ;
Prince Hardenberg he thought a greater man
" Nor lor Lon*dundry*"—thus his lingo ran.

XV.

My passport now with countless stamps impress'd,
With tatter'd adjuncts patch'd and pasted o'er,
From place to place was hourly in request :
Sure ne'er was passport handled so before ;
More motley marks and symbols it express'd
Than ever paper on its surface bore ;
And in the list of signatures was one
That *did* much more than thousands would have done.

XVI.

The mighty Metternich his name had sign'd
  Ere from Vienna hither I was led;
Without his sanction never could I find
  "My Night-cap" at Verona on my head.
I therefore feel most gratefully inclin'd
  To thank him, since he gave me leave to tread
The very streets, e'en at the very time
When treading there unsanction'd was a crime *.

---

* The most rigorous measures were adopted for the exclusion of all strangers during the time of the Congress; and, with some few exceptions, none but those immediately connected with the several diplomatic missions were allowed to remain in the town.

MY NIGHT-CAP AT THE CONGRESS.

XVII.

The town I enter'd late in th' afternoon :
Each gate was guarded by a ghastly band,
Whose pallid faces, waning like the moon,
Bespoke the "genial current" at a stand;
While one lapp'd up *polenta* with a spoon,
Another seiz'd with fluk'd and forky hand
My tatter'd passport, now become from pawing
Like dirty ice in sultry sunshine thawing.

XVIII.

The questions in this instance were but few ;
The signature all doubtful points explain'd ;
Yet was a high tribunal to renew
The privilege I 'd previously obtain'd,

Else from the town my route I must pursue,
Quite bootless all th' advantages I' d gain'd:
Thanks to those stars which still My Night-cap guided,
The high tribunal favourably decided.

XIX.

The *Torre di Londre* and the *Due Torri*
Are rival inns; the former takes the lead.
Here in a nook, surmounting th' upper story,
A *camera* was fitted up with speed;
A sturdy fellow, call'd a *servitore,*
Arrang'd a couch, which in the hour of need
I gladly seiz'd, and every house being full,
Rejoic'd to find a vacant pack of wool *.

* The beds in Italy are made of wool, and in most places men officiate as chambermaids.

XX.

Below me princes, counts, and barons took
All sorts of places, such as they could get:
The designations in th' *albergo* book
Announced a most extraordinary set.
A din discordant all th' apartments shook,
As though to Babel's craftsmen they were let;
And th' ear, astounded, heard the mingl'd strains
Of Austrians, Russians, Prussians, Poles, and Danes.

XXI.

Some flippant Frenchmen jabber'd night and day,
Regardless how they talk'd, or what they said;
An old Dalmatian, always us'd to pray
And sing a psalm before he went to bed;

Two British foplings near his chamber lay;
One always cry'd, "Now, damn me, go it, Ned!"
A Frankfort Jew was ready to discount
The bills of all, no matter what amount.

XXII.

The whip or bugle still gave notice loud
Of fresh arrivals for the public gaze;
Some strangers to the gaping rabble bow'd,
But others deign'd not e'en their eyes to raise:
In England our vociferating crowd
Such haughty pompous persons would amaze.
Count Nesselrode look'd affable, but not so
His colleague, whose baptismal name is Pozzo.

XXIII.

The former, though in stature much curtail'd,
Is dignified and graceful in his mien;
Long practis'd, art o'er nature has prevail'd,
And mark'd his features with expression keen.
He looks the statesman, nor has Russia fail'd
To rank him as the greatest ever seen:
The boreal Autocrat, with secret pleasure,
Regards him as a rare Imperial treasure.

XXIV.

Pozzo di Borgo has a foggy face,
Flat, dull, unmeaning, homely, vulgar, plain,
In which no sign of intellect we trace;
It serves not as an index to his brain.

Lavater's system holds not in his case,
Though Spurzheimites might sturdily maintain
That from his cranium bumping organs rise
Which prove him super-Solomonly wise.

XXV.

A host of Aulic Councillors came next,
Prince Metternich's auxiliaries composing;
His Highness gave the comment and the text,
Their duty lay in dull transcriptive prosing.
All strangers now were harass'd and perplex'd
By police hounds, for Carbonari nosing:
This mystic fashion has provok'd of late
As much contemptuous ridicule as hate.

XXVI.

The Muscovite diplomatists compris'd
A stubborn, sturdy, pertinacious group,
Prepared to press the projects they devised,
Still hatching schemes within the Imperial coop.
A famous cook from Paris advertis'd
To make such matchless sublimated soup,
As all the *artistes* of th' earth must own
Could be concocted but by him alone.

XXVII.

Their *casas* at a most enormous rent
The needy nobles let to all who paid,
And with their minds on sordid lucre bent,
In furnish'd lodgings now began to trade:

A certain Count much patient labour spent
In making, what it never could be made,
His dirty mansion, when from cobwebs clear,
A residence to suit a British peer.

XXVIII.

He rubb'd and scrubb'd and brush'd with all his might,
Forgetful of his title and his name,
A name which in his country's annals bright,
Bespeaks at once each proud patrician claim:
The Count Medicis was of dwarfish height,
His aspect might a smutted blacksmith shame;
His rigid, sharp, constricted visage show'd
How little nature to grand lineage owed.

XXIX.

I saw the Count with packthread on his knee
And needle, drawn for patches and repairs;
I saw the Count, alas! that I should see
A noble Count ignobly cov'ring chairs!
With fundamental furniture did he
Invest the vacuum of some ample squares,
And then with stumpy poker did he stuff
Each hair-built bottom, almost in his buff.

XXX.

The ministers arriv'd without delay,
The sev'ral monarchs follow'd in succession,
And th' Emp'ror Francis on a certain day
Came in without a pageant or procession;

Yet did the loyal Veronese display
A duteous zeal, too ardent for repression:
Their beds they stripp'd of counterpanes and sheets,
And hung them out to line the public streets.

XXXI.

This custom through all Italy obtains
When grand occasions great attempts require,
And oft old rags befoul'd with spots and stains
To mar th' effect in floating filth conspire.
Not only in the streets, but narrow lanes,
Did persons sport their bedclothes and attire:
Some windows show'd, in votive guise let down,
A tatter'd breeches, petticoat, or gown*.

* In Italy, as well as in some other continental states, the highest mark of public respect that can be offered to a distinguished personage is to exhibit the entire covering of the bed and

XXXII.

At such a juncture, when such virtuous souls
Were found intent on solemn delib'ration,
The passions should not glow like burning coals,
No flame should raise an inward conflagration;
But lawless passion reason best controls,
When to transgress frail man has no temptation:
An edict, issu'd one fine afternoon,
Expell'd from town all "maids that loved the moon."

XXXIII.

Beyond th' Adige, some distance were they sent,
Nor dar'd return till Europe's statesmen clos'd

---

the whole contents of the wardrobe on his arrival. No effort is spared to procure drapery of every description; and it often happens that the poorer classes, in their extreme emergency, make a display of dirty rags which burlesque the satin and brocade of their wealthy neighbours.

Their protocols:* the nymphs repining went.

These protocols on petticoats impos'd

A penalty creating discontent,

In conclave while state politicians pros'd.

Let rigid moralists say all they can,

" These little *things* are great to little man."

XXXIV.

This anticyprian regulation drove

From various haunts a crowd of damsels frail,

---

* By an order of the high police all the trading Cyprians of Verona were obliged to leave the town within twenty-four hours, and could not return till the Congress was dissolved, without being severely punished if discovered. In this instance the rule was, that politicians should be moralists, though moralists might not be politicians. We might exclaim with Goldsmith's *Burchell*—Fudge!

Whose venal off'rings at the shrine of love
No pow'r was wont to limit or curtail;
But now with Venus sage Minerva strove,
Lest Paphian wiles should sapient heads assail.
When Wood in London fill'd the civic chair,
He proved a most misogynistic Mayor *.

XXXV.

Yet from their rural exile, in disguise,
Some artful wenches still contriv'd to steal,
And to the market brought in fresh supplies,
Their loose pursuits the better to conceal:

* The efforts of Alderman Wood to preserve the morality of the good citizens of London during the two years that he reigned Lord Paramount among them, will not soon be forgotten. Not one of those "frail ones" who now occupy regular stations from Temple Bar to Whitechapel, and flaunt along unmolested, could dare to show her face while he swayed the civic sceptre.

One lucky lass achiev'd a grand emprise:
While selling fruit, in which she seem'd to deal,
A minister of state was passing by,
And towards her basket cast a wistful eye.

XXXVI.

He look'd askance, yet did his gloating squint
In transitu his secret flame betray *;
The lass responsive quickly took the hint:
Her fine black eyes in turn began to play;
They look'd and leer'd to melt a heart of flint;
Such looks and leers said more than words could say;
The minister was vanquish'd on the spot,
And state affairs in rampant love forgot.

---

* ——— *Transversa tacentibus hircis,*
Et quo, sed faciles nymphæ riscre, sacello.—VIRG.

XXXVII.

The banish'd nymph his mistress soon became,
And soon in public shone in splendid style;
Her sly *incog.* gave *eclat* to her name:
When rais'd to rank no prostitute is vile:
The stagnant pool for ever stinks the same;
Its current foulness dignifies the Nile:
The Fleet-street trull is not, in moral slang,
A Madame Vestris or a Mother Bang.

XXXVIII.

His solemn entry Alexander made,
With the Emperor Francis seated by his side:
The latter went to meet the cavalcade,
Which now, advancing in Imperial pride,

A pair of mighty potentates display'd,
Whose fearful sway——A merry shoeblack cried
Lustro signori! Day and Martin's best!
His *shining powers* are always in request.

XXXIX.

His Russian Majesty has grown much fatter
Than when all London hail'd his smiling face:
He wore (I must impute it to his hatter)
A most outlandish three-cock'd cranium case.
N'importe, or in our native tongue, no matter—
A monarch's head needs no external grace:
His crown of quills the savage chieftain wears;
The vulgar eye with admiration stares.

XL.

Once more the streets were hung with streaming rags;
The theatre was *al giorno* lighted * ;
Young blooming virgins and old wrinkl'd hags
On this occasion seem'd alike excited.
The playbill, garnish'd with appendant tags,
With more than usual novelty invited;
Rossini's music from a piping creature,
To mankind lost, *quoad* a certain feature.

---

* Lighted for the occasion. The ordinary custom is to light no part of the house except the stage: but when something peculiarly imposing is called for by any adventitious circumstance, such as the presence of royalty, the most elaborate efforts are made, and long wax tapers are used in profusion, producing an illumination far superior to that galaxy of gas towards which the pittites of Drury Lane and Covent Garden are wont to turn up their eyes with wonder.

XLI.

The boxes blaz'd with solitaires and stars,
Reflecting lustre in the vivid glare;
The pit was crowded with the sons of Mars,
Who from their benches ogl'd all the fair.
Some martial faces show'd some martial scars:
Two smart old spinsters, in their hoary hair,
While vainly seeking conquest to the last,
Sly glances at two raw-bon'd Russians cast.

XLII.

At Drury Lane the husband and his spouse
Together sit most conjugally snug:
But fashion here no nuptial bond allows;
Each other's wives *ad libitum* they hug.

No sense of shame their jealousy can rouse:
Contented cuckolds here through life will tug
With wedded harlots, nor appear to know
That branching antlers from their foreheads grow.

XLIII.

From box to box cicisbeos were seen
In dangling dalliance waiting on the sex:
A hump-back'd biped, dress'd in coat of green,
Whose face was *contra legem rerum lex*,
Still sigh'd and languish'd near a "fickle quean;"
A sight that might the dullest Dutchman vex.
Sir Lumley Skeffington, that man of parts,
Ne'er dramatized such amatory arts.

XLIV.

A vet'ran warrior usher'd to her seat
A Princess, once the partner of a throne
That saw all Europe prostrate at the feet
Of him who rais'd it. Now must she disown
His name and lineage, nor presume to treat
Her son, as though the father ere were known;
While yet that son can proudly boast a sire,
Whose fame with history only can expire.

XLV.

Napoleon's relict seem'd not to repine
At glories vanish'd, and departed sway;
Of widow'd mourning she display'd no sign;
Her dress was gorgeous, and her manner gay.

A wreath of brilliants did her locks confine:
The robe she wore might suit her bridal day:
Some slavish painters to her face have lent
Such charms as nature for her face ne'er meant.

XLVI.

Her cheek was pallid to the last degree;
At Ackerman's 'tis blooming as the rose:
Her mouth is large; her eyes appear to be
Too far apart; and shapeless is her nose.
If in description I've been rather free,
I've shown no more than what her mirror shows:
But in their mirrors ladies never find
The portrait homely—vanity is blind!

XLVII.

Her chamberlain, a Polyphemus, stood
With hideous aspect close behind her chair;
Monstrum horrendum! he did all he could
To make his features uglier than they were.
His widow'd optic had not, as it should,
A glass companion, and was seen to stare
From a deep region, which a bandage black
Had half conceal'd—his breeches seem'd a sack.

XLVIII.

A bristly covert crown'd his upper lip,
Besmear'd with grease, and parting into twain,
With forky points converging towards the tip
Of his huge nose, which o'er them hung amain.

These mad mustachios he forbore to clip,
But let them still a savage growth attain.
His oblong mouth their wild luxuriance hid:
His face seem'd all things human to forbid.

XLIX.

A *dame d'honneur* (a royal waiting maid
Is thus in French appropriately styl'd)
Sat near her mistress, mark'd attention paid,
Talk'd when commanded, and when silent smil'd.
The *quondam* Empress earnestly survey'd
The brilliant scene; and with his optic wild
Did Polyphemus take a fierce review,
While staring optics towards his phiz he drew.

L.

Sardinia's monarch, chubby, squat, and square,
Was seen with paunch projecting o'er his box;
The King of Naples, with his silvery hair,
Which down his shoulders hung in floating locks
Was more conspicuous *; while the royal pair
Bobb'd both their heads to greet the man of stocks,—
That titled Jew, whose name bespeaks the gold,
By which whole states are barter'd, bought, and sold.

LI.

The tribe of Rothschild well may Israel own,
The boast of Judah in our modern days;

* There was something peculiarly venerable in the appearance of the late King of Naples; but the expression of his countenance was quite idiotic, and he looked at once the patriarch and the fool.

The proudest sovereigns court them for a *Loan*:
Each nation borrows, and all Europe pays.
Their coffers to the Universe are known;
Their cash commands, the cabinet obeys:
And ere is heard the dreadful din of war,
They yoke the horses to the crimson car.

LII.

Prince Metternich was seated near the stage,
With all his honours blushing on his breast;
His haggard face the wrinkl'd marks of age
Too prematurely for his years confess'd:
Yet still his heart the lasses can engage;
The sex he loves, and Venus plumes his crest.
One solemn precept he neglects through life—
That which forbids him from his neighbour's wife.

LIII.

Sir Walter Scott's famed " Lady of the Lake"
In opera figures, as the reader knows ;
On this occasion, for old Scotia's sake,
I felt indignant when the curtain rose.
No master should offensive freedoms take,
However well his songs he may compose—
Huge hairy monsters, arm'd with clubs and spears,
Stood forth as most melodious mountaineers.

LIV.

A poor Castrato had but sorry claims
To personate the hero of romance ;
And while Veluti squeak'd as *James Fitzjames*,
The *Lady* cast a shrewd sagacious glance,

As though she felt that men should lose their names,
When wanting all that can their fames enhance:
Loud without fulness, shrill but never clear,
He pip'd such notes as Nature shrunk to hear.

LV.

Actors and audience here alike must bend
In mute obedience to the stern decree,
Prohibiting the former to attend,
If with *encores* the latter make too free:
In either case 'tis penal to offend,
And hence both parties always must agree:
A *row* theatrical is here unknown;
That wight is mad who dares to hiss or groan *.

* There is, affixed to the door of the pit, a long list of regulations for the conduct of the audience and the actors; nor will any man venture to contravene or impugn the rigid code, unless he is prepared to become the occupant of a dungeon.

LVI.

From day to day the ministers conferr'd
On matters which 'twere needless to explain,
Since they 've been publish'd to the common herd,
And stand recorded in the fate of Spain.
A London Quaker dauntlessly averr'd,
That slaves were men; that nations should abstain
From violations of the human charter,
Nor make the species brutes for sale or barter *.

---

* The philanthropic disciple of Fox (not Charles James) was not only tolerated at Verona, but allowed access to the presence of the Sovereigns, and the Emperor of Russia deigned to grant him more than one audience. While pleading the cause of the negroes in a particular instance, he made a theatrical exhibition before his Imperial Majesty of a thumbscrew, which he alleged to have been taken out of a slave-ship. A philanthropist by election, and a druggist by calling, he continued to turn both pursuits to his advantage: he talked for the Universe, and traded as he travelled.

LVII.

" See here," says Broadbrim, " mighty monarch, see !
(The Quaker thus the Imperial Czar address'd)
" This thumbscrew, which I now present to thee,
" A negro's thumbs in cruel torture press'd ;
(Shews a thumbscrew.)
" Canst thou behold it, nor desire, with me,
" To give thy suffering fellow-creatures rest ?
" Thy power is vast ; that power it will beseem
" The negro race from bondage to redeem.

LVIII.

" Thy brother George, whose sceptre rules a land
" Where wisdom counsels, and where freedom reigns,
" Would gladly see thee make a glorious stand
" To vindicate the system he maintains :

" All mankind must that horrid traffic brand,

" By which whole cargoes still are shipp'd in chains.

" For Africa before thee I appear——

" But friend M—c—ley, I perceive, is here.

LIX.

He ceas'd, and lo! with awkward waddling gait,

And elbows at right angles with his toes,

With stooping shoulders, and protruded pate,

M—c—ley enter'd, anxious to propose

Some grand improvements in the social state,

And guard the Blacks from their West India foes.

Lucus a non lucendo, people call

This personage,—a General withal.

LX.

Albeit an Emperor sometimes may descend;
Albeit a Quaker's bluntness he may bear;—
He likes not his Imperial ear to lend,
When sturdy, vulgar, vapid meddlers dare
To take the wonted licence of a *Friend,*
And through presumption ape the Quaker's air.—
The General (God wot, a queer Commander!)
No countenance received from Alexander.

LXI.

Meanwhile the Quaker, standing at his ease,
To his Imperial Majesty held out
Papers and Pamphlets, hoping he would please
To take them, since they answer'd every doubt.

" Thou wilt (said he) most clearly see, from these,

" That reason sanctions all I write about;

" But reason and humanity are vain

" To move the courts of Portugal and Spain."

LXII.

M—c—ley fain would play the champion still,

And back the Quaker through ambitious pride:

He wish'd to prove that he had words at will;

But th' Autocrat no word in turn replied;

And with a look that impudence might chill,

His vanity severely mortified.

At last perceiving more than he admir'd,

The philo-negro militant retir'd.

LXIII.

The world should know that Obadiah sold
Drugs of all kinds, and traffic'd as he went:
Orders he took, and open'd, while he stroll'd,
A moving market through the Continent.
Philanthropists we rarely can behold
So warm as when on private gain intent.
The more the Quaker traded with the quacks,
The stronger grew his feeling for the blacks.

LXIV.

The Czar vouchsaf'd to answer his appeal,
But with an air less placent than polite:
He seem'd surprised at his officious zeal,
Nor could conceive that persons had a right

To publish facts which statesmen would conceal,
And rouse the vengeful Black against the White.
At this the Quaker look'd chagrin'd and cow'd:
The room he left, but leaving never bow'd.

LXV.

On Sunday evenings, how superbly gay
The pomp and fashion of the public square!
All Europe serv'd to furnish the display,
And all Verona felt delight to stare.
An ass presumed unseasonably to bray,
On one occasion, when a prince was there,
Whose German sway three German miles confess.
Balaam was fin'd—his ass he should repress.

LXVI.

Within a circle fenc'd by shining steel,
(For sword-in-hand hussars were posted round)
A train of chariots roll'd with rapid wheel.
Here Fashion seem'd her vot'ries to impound:
The crested cordon made the vulgar feel
That due distinctions no man must confound.
A Mister Irv—g, not the preaching parson,—
To folly press'd his consequential farce on.

LXVII.

In stocks he traded, and such wealth amass'd,
As made him most intolerably vain:
His purse pretensions o'er his manner cast
An air so pompous in the pride of gain,—

That whirling round the Corso*, as he pass'd,
No Englishman from laughter could refrain:
His florid face on either side he turn'd,
And look'd as though the universe he spurn'd.

LXVIII.

The jobber thus, with impotent parade,
Would sport his splendour ev'n where monarchs shone.
The noble Duke, whom Waterloo has made
The greatest Duke the world has ever known,
On horseback rode, in simple garb array'd,
Too proud for pomp while glory gave the tone.

---

* The Corso lies contiguous to the celebrated Amphitheatre, and exhibits every Sunday evening, at four o'clock, all the fashion of Verona set in motion, within a circle guarded by the military.

No Moslem chief was e'er so stern and strange
As the great Caliph of the Stock Exchange.

LXIX.

The doubtful heir to that precarious power,
Which in the North a French plebeian got,
His face presented, but in luckless hour:
No prince would own Prince Oscar Bernadotte!
While pedigree o'er enterprise can tower,
New dynasties are sure to go to pot.
Shall Vasa's crown, with young Gustavus near,
Still sovereignize a Gallic grenadier * ?

---

* The present King of Sweden was a private soldier at the commencement of his career. What are the Holy Allies about? With the principles they have promulgated, is it not *rank* inconsistency in them to suffer a man who has risen from the *ranks* to *rank* as a monarch?

LXX.

Forbid it, all ye Powers that bid defiance
To bold ambition in plebeian minds!
Prompt be your aid, and ready your compliance,
To vindicate the principle that binds
The holy monarchs of that blest Alliance,
Where upstart sway no recognition finds!
Prince Bernadotte is portly, stout, and tall;—
Just what the sex a fine young man would call.

LXXI.

A splendid structure, built for public shows
In Roman days, when shows were all the rage,
Presented now a brilliant scene, that rose
Beyond whate'er could Roman minds engage.—

But here My Night-cap bids me seek repose,
And leave the mighty actors on the stage.
My lyre I may resume at " Fair Verona."
Not distant far lies fiddle-famed Cremona.

THE END.

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